Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and ſhakes a chaine
In a moſt hideous and dredfull manner.
You haue heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?
Miſt. Ford. Marry this is our deuiſe,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oake ſhall meete with vs.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape, when you haue brought him thether,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your plot?
Miſ. Page. That likewiſe haue we thoght vpon and thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little ſonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dreſſe
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads
And rattles in their hands; vpon a ſodaine,
As *Falſtaffe*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: Vpon their ſight
We two, in great amazedneſſe will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their ſo ſacred pathes, he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him, ſound,
And burne him with their Tapers.
Miſ. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all preſent our ſelues; diſ-horne the ſpirit,